Mature

No Archive Warnings Apply

Gen

僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia

Class 1-A & Midoriya Izuku
Midoriya Izuku/Todoroki Shouto
Midoriya Izuku/Shinsou Hitoshi

Midoriya Izuku
Todoroki Shouto
Shinsou Hitoshi
Kaminari Denki
Yaoyorozu Momo
Uraraka Ochako
Ashido Mina
Bakugou Katsuki
Kirishima Eijirou
Sero Hanta

attempted humor
Rated M for Midoriya's Kink Corner
Crack
sorta?
POV Alternating
Dorm Shenanigans
the shintododeku propaganda continues
also the tsuchako and kiribaku propaganda
midoriya: pls dont ask me embarrassing questions while im sleep deprived bc i will answer them
denki and mina: :3c
im so sorry tag wranglers i love you thank you for your service
Implied/Referenced Past Bullying
English

no rest for the wicked

crossroadswrite

Summary:

“I’ll destroy a man for you,” he says breathlessly.

Todoroki looks vaguely amused. “Good to know.”

Midoriya passes the mug to Momo’s hands and then reaches up to put his hands on Todoroki’s cheeks so he can bring him down to eye-level.

“No, listen. I will destroy a man for you.”

Todoroki blinks at him, looking a little startled.

“I have a seven year plan,” Midoriya elaborates terrifyingly.

“O-kay?” he says throught his smushed cheeks.

“Fuck Endeavor,” Midoriya says empathically.

(Or: Midoriya has absolutely no filter when he's sleep deprived. That's it. That's the fic.)

Notes:

listen, i don't know either, i wrote most of this in one sitting and i felt like i was in the same manic state as midoriya on five coffees and four hours of sleep. i've been sitting on this fic for over one week unsure if i should post it or not, but I Keep Thinking About It, so here it is. i hope it's fun!

(See the end of the work for more notes (#work_endnotes) .)

The first time it happens, it's almost three a.m. and a group of them is last minute studying in the common room.

Well maybe *studying* is a strong word, since Sero and Denki have been playing a game of paper football for the last fifteen minutes, and Kirishima is laying face down on the floor and keeps groaning pitifully about math.

Mina and Jirou are painting each other's nails, and Uraraka fell asleep on the couch after their study snacks were gone.

The only one still studying is Midoriya, who keeps mumbling feverishly under his breath. They've gotten so used to it, it barely registers to them anymore.

Denki's pretty sure that out of all of them, Midoriya is the one running on the least hours of sleep. The dark circles under his eyes are deep enough to rival Aizawa’s. It’s frankly kinda concerning.

"Hey, Midoriya," Kirishima calls lifting his face off the floor. "Is pain management part of your quirk?"

Midoriya looks over at him, blinking several times as if he needs time to let his eyes focus.

"I don’t think so."

"Huh. Then how come your pain tolerance is so high, dude?"

"Oh that," Midoriya says. "I regularly got the shit beat out of me since I was, like, five."

Kaminari is so startled by that that instead of flicking the paper ball at Sero he flicks the table and hisses, putting his finger in his mouth.

He stares at Midoriya. Everyone has stopped to stare at Midoriya.

Midoriya in turn just blinks uncomprehendingly at them. "What?"

"*Dude*," Denki says with feeling, because that's kind of fucked up on several levels and also not something you just blurt out to a room full of people at three a.m.

Kirishima has sat up and is looking at Midoriya with his kicked puppy face. "Are you okay?"

Midoriya's eyebrows knit in confusion. "Yeah?"

"Weren't you and Bakugou childhood best friends?" Minas asks.

"Yeah?" Midoriya repeats, still sounding confused.

"Didn't he do anything to stop you getting beat up on?"

Midoriya stares at her for a second, mouth dropping open a little. And then he starts laughing so hard he falls on the floor, tears beading at the corners of his eyes.

It's… kind of terrifying, really. It sounds kind of hysterical and Denki isn’t super close with Midoriya but he's getting really worried for his mental stability.

Midoriya laughs so hard and for so long that he wakes Uraraka up and his face gets splotchy red, as he gasps for air.

"Oh, man," he giggles, getting himself off the floor and wiping at his eyes. "Nice one, Ashido."

They all still just stare at him until he seems to catch up to the atmosphere and shrinks in on himself a little.

He gets up from the floor and starts padding his way to the kitchen. "I'm getting some more snacks, anyone want anything?"

"I want iced tea," Uraraka pipes up promptly, "and some of those cookies Satou baked."

Midoriya seems to relax and smiles a little. "Alright, be right back."

Denki waits until he's out of hearing shot to repeat. "*Dude*," with as much feeling as he can put into a single word.

“What’s up with Midoriya?” Sero asks, blinking after him.

“I’m pretty sure he didn’t sleep last night,” Uraraka says, eyebrows furrowing in worry.

«»

The next day Midoriya goes around nervously telling them that he’s really fine and that he was just too tired yesterday.

Denki grins at him. “Don’t worry about it. But, listen, if you need anything just lemme know, okay?”

Midoriya blinks at him in surprise and nods carefully. And that’s that on that.

«»

The second tie it happens, they're all exhausted again, pouring over books. Hanta is *actually trying* to get some studying done while Mina and Kaminari are goofing off to the side.

It's late into the night and there's a big group of them spread out across the living room, because studying with company is always better than studying alone.

Aside from Hanta, Mina and Kaminari, there's Kirishima having a semi-private tutoring session to the side with Bakugou. Hanta has been ignoring the sounds of cursing and a rolled up wad of spreadsheets smacking into hardened skin for the past two hours now.

Midoriya is pouring over his notes next to Mina and Kaminari, and Uraraka is pressed up against Tsuyu, listening intently to her explain something. Well, Hanta isn't sure if she's actually paying attention or just wants an excuse to sit closer to Tsuyu, either way it's kinda cute and also none of his business.

Satou has been stress baking in the kitchen for the past thirty minutes and something smells absolutely *delicious*.

Shinsou has been staring blankly at a spot in the ceiling for the past ten minutes, and Hanta doesn't know if he's having an existential crisis, or if he actually fell asleep with his eyes open. No one disturbs him either way, just in case it's the second option.

Studying in group helps him stay awake, it's too easy for him to fall asleep on his books otherwise, and sharing his misery with other people always makes him feel better, even if it's a herculean effort to ignore Kaminari's attempts at distracting him.

Hanta has managed so far. Which is why he's not listening to the conversation Mina and Kaminari are having and also why he drops his pen in shock when Midoriya out of nowhere turns to them and says, "Do you want a prolapsed ass, because that's how you get a prolapsed ass."

The room wasn't exactly loud. It's very late, and no one wants for Iida to come lecture them about proper sleeping schedules and REM cycles, but it gets even quieter when Midoriya speaks.

Midoriya does not seem to notice, he just keeps staring at Kaminari and Mina.

"I'm just saying spit is *not* lube and no, getting your dick sucked beforehand doesn't *loosen you up* enough for it to work." He shrugs a shoulder, and keeps tapping his pencil on his notebook distractedly.

Hanta doesn't know what's more jarring, hearing Midoriya say 'getting your dick sucked' or the fact that he's talking like someone who has extensive knowledge on the matter.

The other day, Mina said anal in front of Midoriya and then apologized to him, because Midoriya has a baby face and an innocent aura about him. You know, when he's not smiling manically as he's punching people through walls.

"And *for the love of everything that is holy*, do not try to choke someone by pressing down on their windpipe. Do you know how dangerous that is? You press down on the sides of the neck, like this," he says, and takes two of his scarred fingers, puts them to his own throat and presses down for two seconds. "Also I don't know what choking has to do with physics but please get back to work we have a test tomorrow afternoon, and if you flunk Aizawa is going to make you take remedial lessons again."

"*Dude*," Kaminari breathes out, looking red in the face.

"Holy shit, Midoriya is a kinkster!" Mina laughs.

"It's always the quiet ones," Shinsou says solemnly, grinning over at Midoriya, and gets an eraser thrown at his head for his efforts.

"Shut," Midoriya says, pointing a finger at him. "I've had unrestricted Internet access since age seven, and you expect me not to know how to erotically choke someone properly? Unrealistic." He clicks his tongue for emphasizes.

Hanta loses his shit along with several other people in the room.

"Deku-kun, how long have you been awake for?" Uraraka asks, her face is bright red and he doesn't know if she's flustered or if it's from containing her laughter. Probably both.

"I don't know, like, thirty-two hours?"

"You are going to regret this so hard tomorrow," Shinsou says, sounding *delighted*. Because everyone in this class is a sadist.

"Not as hard as Denki is right now," Mina snickers, and promptly gets shoved over by Kaminari. The only reason she doesn't sprawl on the floor is that Midoriya catches her.

"Shut uuuup," Kaminari whines, as Mina is thrown into a fit of giggles

Something slaps on the table hard enough to rattle it, startling all of them. They look over at the source and no one is surprised to see it was Bakugou.

"The next person to say anything even *remotely* sex related is getting a personal ass kicking by me, so shut the fuck up. Some people are actually trying to pass this stupid test!"

Hanta knows that when Bakugou says “some people” he means Kirishima and not himself, which is sort of sweet, he guesses. He’s pretty sure Bakugou already knows all the material front to back and back to front like the little overachiever he is.

“Kacchan is right. We shouldn’t be talking about this,” Midoriya says, and resolutely turns back down to his notes. It’s kind of hard to focus after all of that, but if there’s anything Bakugou is good at is wrangling people into doing what he wants under threats of violence.

They study for a couple more hours before they call it a night, everyone dragging themselves back to their rooms. Hanta hangs back because he dropped a pencil under the couch fifteen minutes ago and still hasn’t managed to get it out.

Midoriya hangs back because he forgot how eye to hand coordination works and it took him several tries to put his writing materials away.

Kirishima hangs back because…

“Do you think you can teach me that?” Kirishima asks.

“Thermodynamics?” Midorya asks confused. “That’s not going to be on the test that’s just for hero research.”

“No, I mean… choking.”

Hanta, appropriately, chokes on his own spit.

There’s a beat of silence.

“Ask me again when I can’t taste colours,” Midoriya says.

“Cool,” Kirishima says happily. “Good night, bro. Sleep well.”

“Yeah,” Midoriya says, sounding dazed. “This is going to *suck* tomorrow.” There’s another beat of silence, before, “Do you need any help?”

“Huuuh,” Hanta says intelligently, “pencil rolled under the couch, can’t get it.”

“I’ll lift it for you,” Midoriya says, and true to his words he lifts it, the four legs of the sofa coming straight into the air and hovering a couple generous centimeters off the ground.

Hanta retrieves his pencil, and Midoriya puts the couch back down.

“Thanks,” he says.

“No problem,” Midoriya says with one of his dimpled smiles. “Good night.”

“Good night,” Hanta says, and watches him gather his things and leave. He smacks his shoulder against the doorjamb and seems to barely register the hit.

Hanta comes to the sudden realization he just let a severely sleep deprived person hold a wholeass couch over his head.

Thankfully, he’s too tired to fully grasp his own mortality.

«»

Midoriya can’t look any of them in the eye for the next two weeks, and every time he does he turns bright red and speed walks away, which is kind of hilarious. It probably doesn’t help that everyone who was there has taken to making thinly veiled sexual innuendo around him.

Or that, at some point, Kirishima gives Midoriya two thumbs up and a wide grin, which Hanta doesn’t know what is about, but from the way Midoriya immediately turns to Shinsou and implores, “Please brainwash away my mistakes,” it’s not hard to guess.

«»

The third time, it’s not ridiculously late at night.

It’s nine in the morning on a Saturday, and Momo is pretty sure Midoriya hasn’t slept for the past three days.

He tried to sit on a chair earlier and missed the seat, then he had just laid down on the floor staring at the ceiling until Momo had coaxed him up and into a couch. She’s been trying to gently open him up to the idea of rest, but Midoriya is stubbornly refusing.

So she did the only thing she could do: call in the heavy hitters. Which in this case means Todoroki, since most of Midoriya’s other close friends went out for the day to visit their family, or, in Shinsou’s case, are passed out asleep, and rule number one of the dorms since Shinsou moved in his *you do not wake him up*. Not only because he also gets worryingly little sleep, but because Midoriya will hunt you down for sport if you do.

Todoroki had brought down with him one of the fluffliest blankets Momo had ever seen and tucked it around Midoriya’s shoulders, before he had disappeared into the kitchen to make some tea. When he came back he slipped the mug into Midoriya’s hand, curling his fingers around Midoriya’s to make sure he had a good grip on it.

Midoriya looks up at him with glittering eyes. “I’ll destroy a man for you,” he says breathlessly.

Todoroki looks vaguely amused. “Good to know.”

Midoriya passes the mug to Momo’s hands and then reaches up to put his hands on Todoroki’s cheeks so he can bring him down to eye-level.

“No, listen. I *will* destroy a man for you.”

Todoroki blinks at him, looking a little startled.

“I have a seven year plan,” Midoriya elaborates terrifyingly.

“O-kay?” he says throught his smushed cheeks.

“Fuck Endeavor,” Midoriya says empathically, and then kisses Todoroki on the forehead before letting go of him and reaching for his mug.

Todoroki casually catches on fire, covering half his face with a hand as he blushes.

The smoke alarm starts going off, and Momo wonders why this class tries her like this.

«»

“Do you really have a seven year plan to destroy my father’s life?” Momo overhears Todoroki ask Midoriya the next day.

Midoriya stutters a bit and looks bashful, as he says, “Ah, I, huh, y-yeah?”

“That’s hot,” Todoroki says with absolutely no inflection.

Midoriya makes a noise like a boiling kettle.

Momo pinches her nose and wonders what’s wrong with these boys.

She also wonders if Midoriya needs an extra set of hands carrying out his seven year plan, because even if she has her reservations about how he does things, one thing she can agree with: *fuck Endeavor*.

«»

By this point they all know that letting Deku stay up for over twenty-four hours is a terrible decision, but there’s really not much they can do about it aside from force-feeding him sleeping pills, which Iida strongly put a stop to, so they suffer.

Or, well, Deku suffers.

And Ochako suffers too when Kaminari walks into the kitchen, zeroes in on how tired Deku is, and immediately asks, “Hey, Midoriya, any tips on giving blowjobs?”

Sero immediately elbows him in the gut which Ochako is thankful for because she doesn’t feel like getting up to do it herself.

Deku lifts his head from the table to squint blearily at him. “No.”

“Oh, dude, really?”

“’m not that tired yet,” he bumbles.

“Boo,” Kaminari says good naturedly, pulling the out the chair across from Deku to sit. Ochako glares at him. “I thought you’d say something about managing your gag reflex, or something.”

“I don’t know anything about that,” Deku says, voice muffled from where he has his head laying on his arms. “Kacchan killed mine when we were twelve.”

Kaminari who was about to sit on the chair misses it and ends up on the floor. Ochako chokes on her own spit.

Deku looks up at the noise and frowns at them.

“What’s wrong with you?” he asks, just as Ochako screeches, “*Twelve*?!”

Deku looks at her like she’s being weird. “Yeah, he pushed me down the stairs while I was eating a lollipop and I almost choked to death on it.”

“He *what?*”

“It’s fine, he got it unstuck before I could really die.”

“I see,” Ochako says calmly, pulling her phone out of her pocket and dialing Bakugou’s number.

It rings three times before he answers.

“What?”

“Meet me in front of the dorms for an ass kicking!” she yells into the receiver.

“Can we do that after lunch, I’m busy right now.”

“Sure, does three work for you?”

“Yeah, that works.”

“Cool, see you then!”

He hangs up in her face like he always does.

“Hey, Uraraka has anyone told you you’re terrifying?” Kaminari asks, getting himself up from the floor and sitting down.

“Yeah!” she says cheerfully and holds eye contact until he looks away.

Deku has fallen asleep on top of his arms. Ochako counts this as a win.

«»

At three p.m. on the dot, Bakugou walks out of the dorms, looking around. Thirty seconds later Ochako jumps straight out of the second story window at him, screaming the whole way down.

«»

It's four a.m. on a Sunday. Final Exams start tomorrow and everyone is dead on their feet.

Eijirou is only awake because he wanted to get some water from the kitchen. Bakugou has been studying pretty much nonstop and he's pretty sure so has Midoriya, which means when he walks past the living room he knows the two of them must be incredibly sleep deprived.

He stops and stares at the scene the two of them make, sitting cross-legged facing each other.

Midoriya has his hand in front of Bakugou's face, fingers pointing at him. "Dum, dum, dum," he mutters motioning his hand up and down three times before he points it away from Bakugou's face to the left just as Bakugou turns his head to the right. "Dum, dum, dum," he mutters again tonelessly and points his fingers to the left again, Bakugou also turns his head to the left.

"Fuck!" he says, and lifts up his arm.

Midoriya grabs his wrist and slaps two fingers over his pulse hard enough that Eijirou winces at the sound of skin slapping on skin.

And then he watches in wonder as Bakugou puts his hand in front of Midoriya's face and says, "Dum, dum, dum," before snapping it to the left. Midoriya turns his head to the right and then grins when he looks back at Bakugou. "Dum, dum, dum," Bakugou repeats and turns his hand to the right, Midoriya also turns his head to the right and huffs. "Ah!" Bakugou says gleefully as Midoriya offers up his wrist, and much like Midoriya had done, Bakugou slaps two fingers over his pulse point, hard.

Midoriya starts it up again, and Eijirou doesn't know what pocket dimension he's entered but neither of them seem to have noticed him, so he just gets his water and goes back to sleep.

«»

"Midoriya," Mina calls as Midoriya shuffles his way through the common room. One look at his face immediately tells her that whatever he's been doing for the past day and a half, it wasn't sleeping.

She grins. *This is going to be perfect*.

"Kirishima doesn't believe me when I tell him he's hot! Tell him Midoriya!"

Midoriya doesn't even hesitate, he just looks Kirishima straight in the eye and says, "Were I not in committed relationships I would let you take me against the wall in a manly fashion."

There's a beat of silence before Kirishima sniffles and wipes at his eyes. "That's so sweet, Midoriya, thanks."

"Anytime," Midoriya says, and continues shuffling his way out of the living room.

Mina slaps Kirishima on the shoulder. "See! I told you!"

«»

Hitoshi has slept for nine hours straight, and he feels so well-rested, he's a little high with it. He feels like he could fight god and win, or, at the very least, finish that hellish essay Aizawa assigned them.

He walks into the common room and is immediately met with a whole *scene* developing. Midoriya has somehow procured a white board and he keeps slapping it and mumbling feverishly. This wouldn't be that alarming except for the fact that said whiteboard is littered with pictures of everyone in class and scribbled all over.

Midoriya keeps slapping the board repeatedly while looking wide eyed at his captive audience who consists of Kaminari, Ashido, Sero, and Jirou. They all look mildly terrified.

"What's going on?"

"Ashido asked Midoriya who the hottest person in class was and I think he's having a mental breakdown over it," Jirou supplies helpfully.

Midoriya looks beyond manic.

"It was funny at first, but now I'm scared," Ashido says, staring wide-eyed at the board. "We can't get him to stop."

Hitoshi stares at Midoriya again, and decides enough is enough.

"Okay, bed time," he says and rounds the couch, taking the pen from his hand and putting it down.

"No, I need to find out the answer, it's going to plague me forever if I don't! I'm so close!"

"Nope, you're done," Hitoshi says and tries to tug him away. When that doesn't work he tries to pick him up. "Why are you so fucking heavy?"

"Ashido says it's because I'm made of 100% homegrown Japanese beef."

Hitoshi looks over at Ashido. She shrugs, "Am I wrong though?"

He can't really argue with that.

"Just five more minutes," Midoriya begs.

"If you don't go lay down right now, I'm calling All Might," he threatens.

Midoriya gasps, and narrows his eyes at him. "You wouldn't dare."

“He’ll give you his disappointed look,” Hitoshi says and Midoriya starts looking scared for his life. “Don’t test me, you know I’ll do it.”

“Snitch,” Midoriya pouts, but starts dragging his feet out of the common room, throwing a last look over his shoulder and pointing at everyone sitting on the couch, “This isn’t over!”

Hitoshi gently herds him out of the room to make sure he actually gets to bed. And then for good measure lays down next to him and throws an arm and a leg over him to keep him in place.

Midoriya is still muttering under his breath so Hitoshi does what he always does when Midoriya can’t get to sleep: pets his hand gently through his hair and hums a faint melody that he’s known since forever.

Midoriya’s usually easy to put to sleep when he’s this tired and after a little while his muttering stops and his breathing becomes steady and even.

Hitoshi decides to stay with him for a little while longer for fear of waking him up if he gets up. He doesn’t really think he can go to sleep again, but Midoriya’s warm and he’s feeling lethargic. He falls into that halfway state between sleeping and awake.

Neither of them get up for a while.

Notes:

Denki, at some point, probably: Gee, Midoriya, how come your mom let's you have TWO boyfriends?

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